

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Do let me sit up with you mother till the clock strikes twelve," said Alice Lee to her mother, on the last evening of the year. "I have often thought I should like to watch in the new year; but you have always said I was too young to stay up so late; now I am fourteen, and it is already ten o'clock, and twelve will soon come; oh dear mother let me sit up with you, and hear the great church bell toll out the old year."

"I fear," said her mother, "you will be very sleepy, Alice." "No, mother, I shall not, I am sure, but if I am, I shall be wakeful enough as soon as I know it is new year's day, and then perhaps you will let me open the little box in the closet with 1844 marked upon the top."

"No, no, Alice, that box is not to be opened till tomorrow at breakfast in Harry's presence."

"Well, I like that better; but please let me sit up with you, I will be very quiet, shall I mother?"

"Yes, dear, you may."

Alice then put some fresh coals on the fire, and set up the stray chairs, and arranged everything in order, as if it were her wish to welcome in the new year with due order and respect; then she and her mother chatted awhile, and at last she took a book and began to read: presently her head nodded, first on one side, and then on the other, and at last Alice fell asleep: her mother did not wake her, she leaned her own head back in her chair and fixed her eyes upon her sleeping child: her thoughts were very busy, they were travelling far back to the past, far forward into the future, the absent and the departed were present to her mind's eye, tears stole softly and slowly one after another down her cheeks. The hours passed, and still the mother sat looking fixedly at her child. At last the heavy bell struck one, two, e'er the second stroke sounded, Alice was on her feet, she had thrown off her light slumber and awoke with the new year.

"Happy! happy new year! dear mother," she exclaimed as she put her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her, "happy happy new year! but there are tears on your cheek mother, why do you weep?" Her mother kissed her tenderly and made no answer: she and her little brother were all that remained to her of a happier life. Alice knew why her mother wept, and she blamed herself for asking the question. "Listen" said her mother, "let us count every stroke of the bell." "That is the last" cried Alice. "Good bye old year, welcome to the new year, I don't feel a bit sleepy now, I should like to dance till morning, how I should like to go and wish Robert a happy new year, for he says he shall certainly wish me a happy new year first, and if he does I am to quilt him a ball, and if he does not, he is to give me

that old coin that Mr. Brown gave him. Hear them shouting "happy new year" in the street ; but mother you look sad." "No, dear," said her mother, "not sad, but serious: if you are not sleepy I will relate to you a little vision I have had while you were asleep."

"Oh do mother," said Alice, "I like visions above all things." So the gay happy Alice sat down close by her mother and listened to her words.

"While I was looking earnestly at you my child, as you were sleeping in your chair, I thought I saw two airy figures, one a little before you, and the other just behind you; the first looked as if she had just come to you, and the other as if she were just leaving you: she who stood before you, was dressed in the gayest colors, her form was young and beautiful, a wreath of roses was on her head; and there was a sort of rainbow light all around her, she almost dazzled my eyes with her beauty, as she stood on tip-toe pointing onward into the bright path before her, and beckoning gaily and enticingly to you to follow her.

The other figure resembled her, only she appeared older, and more mature, she stood in deep shadow, and the faint light that was around her grew dimmer and dimmer even while you looked at her, she seemed reluctantly to turn away from you, and as if she felt sorry to see her younger sister take her place so soon in your affections: there was a sober, touching beauty, in her parting smile; no roses crowned her serious brow; but she wore a simple wreath of Amaranths and Forget-me-nots, and her mild eye was full of sweet records: she turned lovingly, and tearfully toward you and I thought I heard her voice, like a strain of the eolian harp, sigh, 'Forget me not, forget me not Alice.' Just then I heard the gay

ringing music of the other sister, singing out 'Happy new year dear Alice! I am the spirit of the new year, follow me, come and rejoice with me, all is bright before us in the happy future, let the spirit of the old year vanish in the darkness that is gathering around her; look not at her my envious sister, there she stands with her mournful face her eyes fixed on the ground, and her dull forget-me not wreath, on her head, see how dark it grows around her, soon she will be utterly gone, and rest with the departed; why do you turn your looks from the bright prospect before us to look after her, she will only make you sad. Come dear Alice, laugh and rejoice with the merry, the happy new year; see what precious gifts I have brought you.' As the bright joyous spirit, uttered these words, she scattered around you all sorts of rich and beautiful presents and she pointed far, far, onward with both hands, she smiled and she beckoned to you and she filled the air with the wild music of her hopeful voice.

And now I looked again at the other figure: a mild and tender, but mournful smile, came over her sweet pale face as her sister finished speaking; and again I heard the soft low sound of her ethereal voice. 'Such as is my gay and new born sister now, such once was I, full of hope and trust and joy; but my bright colors have faded, and my voice has changed, and darkness instead of light is around me; but listen yet a little while to me, dear Alice, e'er the place that hath known me shall know me no more. Remember that once I set before you joys as bright, happiness as unmingled, as my sister promises you now, and that if you have not accepted them it was your own fault, for I offered them with a generous heart. Sorrowful will be the new year, let it promise ever so

brightly, when that which has departed has left no stores of sweet remembrances, for the soul to feed upon, in those dark and stormy seasons which form a part of all time : so turn not away so unlovingly my gay sister ; if thou art to be blessed, thy joy must be perfected by happy and holy recollections of me as a dear departed friend ; and trust me, that thou wilt prize beyond all the bliss of the present, every, the very smallest of the treasures which I thy dying sister have bequeathed to thee ; and that one of the amaranthine flowers from my wreath shall be more precious than diamonds and rubies to thee, and oh !' heavily and deeply sighed the sorrowful and earnest spirit, 'when thou meetest with any of the thorns and evil weeds which I have planted or left on the way, while you send after me bitter recollections and complainings, let also thy tears, and thy penitence wipe away the stain of thy erring and departed sister : so shall thy last hour be happier than mine.'

As the spirit finished speaking she took a forget-me-not from her wreath, and placed it Alice, in your bosom : gradually she melted away in the distance just as I have seen the morning cloud before the rising day, and as her fading form vanished I heard the words ' Farewell Alice, farewell, forget me not ;' and the sound was repeated more and more indistinctly and still so musically, till it sounded to me only like the sighing of the autumn wind through a grove of pines. I looked at the youthful spirit of the new year ; she still stood on tip-toe beckoning you onward, still beautiful, and hopeful, but there was a slight shade of sadness on her joyous face, as she turned her bright eye toward the dim distance from whence the eolian voice of

her departed sister was sighing out 'Forget me not, forget me not.'

Alice looked before her and behind her as her mother finished as if she almost expected to see the beautiful spirits that her mother had conjured up, but her tone was somewhat changed, and I thought she looked more at the past, than the future, and as if she listened for the serious and admonitory words of the departing year. As she kissed her mother and bade her good night she said "I understand the vision dear mother and will remember her words."

Soon her young eyes were closed in sleep, and early in the morning her gay voice was heard replying to her little brother who succeeded in wishing her first a happy new year. "Promise me" said Robert, "to do my ball very soon,"—"Yes," said Alice, "I will begin it to day."

At breakfast time the box was produced, and both Robert, and Alice, found it contained the very things they most desired to possess, and their mother forget her own sorrows in the happiness of her children. Alice took Robert with her to a conservatory; there she bought a Forget-me-not and brought it home to her mother for a new years' gift. "This mother," she said, "is in remembrance of your pretty vision, and when I look at it I shall remember the lesson it taught me."

E. L. P.

The best friends are those who stimulate each other to do good.

GERMAN STORY,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE following tale is translated from the German of Oehlen-schlager. It purports to be the narrative of an old man, addressed to his grandson, and is presented to our young friends as admirably fitted to awaken their gratitude to Heaven that their happy lot is cast in an age and a country, where persecution on account of religion is scarcely known, and it may teach them the evil nature and dangerous tendency, of that bigotry which leads us to think ill of another on account of his honest opinion. It exhibits a beautiful picture of simple, heartfelt piety and domestic affection, drawn with that circumstantial minuteness which is a characteristic of German literature.

I have often heard the saying 'Men are never always fortunate, and it is therefore better to begin with trouble, than the reverse.' I have no taste for such sayings. Most men are indeed not always fortunate; many are never so, yet why should there not sometimes be men completely fortunate? As respects myself, I did indeed early drain the wormwood cup; yet God directed all for the best.

When I go back in memory to my earliest recollections, I find myself in my sixth year, in the large and beautiful city of Prague, in Bohemia, where my father, Stephen Julius, had been appointed teacher of philosophy in the high school, and where my parents for a year and a half passed a calm and happy life. The unfortunate schism between the Lutherans and the Reformed, (or Calvinists) which was founded upon some small differences in

their form of faith, had already given occasion to great dissensions, and was indeed the chief reason why the reformation no longer advanced, but rather went backward. My father however kept free from this error, and upon receiving an invitation through Scultetus, court-chaplain to the King, he left Saxony, and removed to a highly honorable situation in Prague, having passed over from the Lutheran to the Reformed religion. This step indeed cost my good mother many tears, for she was born in Eisenach of the family of Luther, and educated very strictly in the Lutheran creed, which she would never lay aside.

The prosperity of my poor father did not continue long. Spinola made an irruption from Spain on the Rhine Palatinate with an army of twenty-four thousand men. Maximilian of Bavaria and the Austrian general Bouguoi, conquered the Bohemians at their capital, Nov. 8. 1620, whereupon Ferdinand was restored to his rights, and Frederick was compelled to flee to Holland. For three months after the battle, all remained so still in Prague, that the Bohemians hoped they should escape with impunity. But forty-four of the principal leaders of the insurrection were arrested at one time, in their houses, and carried away to prison.

For two days before this event, we children had been playing round, free from care, and delighted, because our father's birthday was at hand. Just as we were going to wish him joy, there was a loud knocking at the door. He himself hastened forward. In the open door stood halberdiers, who laid hold on him and carried him away to prison. Imagine what a birthday for mother and children! Our guests showed the deepest commiseration for all of us,

pressing our hands in profound silence, with tearful eyes. We children knew not where he had gone, nor what had been the real purpose of the halberdiers. We sobbed and wept, because our good father had been carried away on his birthday, and our despairing mother could give us no consolation. Eight days passed, during which our mother hardly uttered a word. She went and came, gave us our meals at regular times, wept, prayed, read her hymn-book and bible, and amid many tears taught us children the beautiful hymn, 'Jesus my trust!'

One afternoon, the tailor came with a bundle of clothes: without trying them on, as was his usual custom, he laid the bundle upon the table with a troubled countenance, pressed my mother's hand and saying, 'I'll not take a dollar for these,' hastily withdrew. At other times, we were always accustomed to be very much pleased when we had got new clothes; but now we shuddered with a boding fear, as our mother opened the bundle and we saw that the clothes were black. 'Ah is my father already dead?' cried Rudolph, the eldest. 'He still lives, my son,' answered our mother, 'put on your clothes, children, I will also put on mine; then we will go to visit your dear father for the last time in prison. He wished to behold us thus. He desired to see the mourning of his dear ones before his departure. It will soothe and please him. I feel strong enough for it. Come, children!'

We went forth in our black garments, by the side of our dear mother. To her it was a bitter walk, and she was obliged many times upon the way to sit down. The jailor opened for us the iron door: we went into an apartment feebly lighted by a glimmering lamp, and stood trembling with fear before a pale haggard man, with hollow eyes and

grizzly beard, who was sitting in the corner, deep in thought, with folded arms and eyes fastened on the ground. It was our father ! I knew him from the familiar morning gown, which he always wore in the forenoon at his studies. When I sat on his lap I was accustomed to turn him round by one of the brass buttons, and this button still hung down loose by the thread. At the noise, he raised his eyes and looked on us fixedly ; but scarcely had he recognized us, when he sprang up, pressed us eagerly to his heart, and kissed us repeatedly. He then drew us towards the light in order to contemplate our features, with the tenderest love. We had now lost all fear. I seated myself as usual upon his knee, Rudolph stationed himself at his side, and our mother sat opposite to him. What he then said, our mother afterward again related to us. It was to this effect. ‘ My dear children ! Your father must die. Weep not, fear not. How often have I told you, that to good men, death is only the passage to a more beautiful existence. But it is of the utmost importance to me, for you to know and believe that your father dies innocent. You are still too small to comprehend all I could tell you of my fate. Thus much however you will be able to understand. The men of the present day, who call themselves Christians, are as furious as were the Jews and heathen sixteen hundred and twenty years ago, when Christ was born. Instead of observing his heavenly instruction, to love God above all, and their neighbour as themselves, they are disputing about miracles, and unimportant matters ; and after my death a horrible religious war will for many years lay waste our German father-land and Europe. I fall as a victim to this party-rage and fanaticism. Your mother will carry you after my death to

her relations in Eisenach, where you will be educated in the Lutheran religion, as I desire. But do not believe, children, that your father has denied his faith. Between the Lutherans and the Reformed there is only a very small difference, which, but for the vehement zeal of both parties, might easily have contributed to the greatest benefit of Christendom. And now, children, we will spend our last evening pleasantly together. The jailor brings us here a good supper, with water and a flask of excellent wine. We will fancy that we are again comfortably sitting at our ease with one another. Come, Albert and Rudolph, let me pour some wine into your little tin cups. You shall drink with your dear mother to your father's health on the evening before his birthday. Yes,' he cried with manly joy, and lifted his steadfast eyes to heaven, 'tomorrow I shall be new-born. Weep not, dear ones, because your father sets out on the great pilgrimage a little before you ; we shall soon behold one another again.'

We then pledged him, and weeping drank to his health, as he desired. We were amazed at the glorious man, who in this situation, could be so cheerful and display such courage. But having always been accustomed to be swayed by his feelings and opinions, we were then comforted and partook of our evening repast with as good an appetite as himself. Our mother however could enjoy nothing ; she continued to weep in silence, though it gave her pleasure to see her dear husband and her two boys so firm and courageous.

At length our father said, 'we have been used frequently of evenings to read tales and histories together ; now, we will read the story of the sufferings of the heavenly Jesus, who had to die, though far more innocent

than I, a poor sinner. Next, we will also read the history of the holy Stephen.'

Upon this, my father, mother and brother read by turns; and the sufferings of the Redeemer which he endured so gently, so firmly, so patiently, so sweetly, strengthened them to bear their own. I being the little one, could not comprehend and feel with them, the whole; but my childish unconsciousness, wonder and volatility touched them so much the more; especially when with folded hands I repeated aloud the lesson from Stephen, which I knew by heart, and concluded with the words, 'And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.'

After I had ended, a deep silence succeeded, and the others prayed softly. Our father then took up the singing book, opened to a hymn and pitched the tune with his strong bass voice. My mother had a splendid tenor, we two boys made the treble, and so with our three voices we sung together the choral hymn as our father had taught us:—

JESUS MY TRUST.

Jesus I will trust in thee,

Thou my Saviour ever liveth,

This I know, and this to me

Peace and deep contentment giveth;

Thus the thought of death's long night,

Shall not dim my spirit's light.

Sprung from earth, I therefore must

To her bosom once more go ;

God will wake my sleeping dust,

He will raise me up I know ;

So that I with Him shall be,

Blest through all eternity.

Then I with my eyes shall see,

Then shall I my Saviour knowing,

I, I myself no stranger be,

My heart shall with his love be glowing ;

And all around, and all within,

Be free from weakness, free from sin.

They who suffer, mourn, and sigh,

In glory rise without a stain,

Earthly, I shall fall and die,

Heavenly, I shall live again ;

A mortal body I am here,

I shall be a spirit there.

When we had sung the hymn, we kissed our father's hand and wished him good night, as usual, when we were going to bed. He embraced us and gazed on us a long while with unspeakable affection. He then took the Bible from the table, and a silver watch from his pocket, and presented my brother with the Bible, and me with the watch. 'My little Albert,' said he, caressing me, (for though he loved both his sons as a father, I being the youngest, was his pet) 'your father has carried this watch for twenty years in his pocket, and usually wound it up at evening when he went to bed ; to-day I have not done so, and do not you wind it this evening. Take the watch ; rise early in the morning, and pray for your father. At seven o'clock the hands will stand still, because the watch

has not been wound up ; at that time also, the life-watch of your father will have stopped.'

He then turned to my mother, and said, ' now, true companion of my life, my good wife, we must part. Show yourself at this time the strong grand-daughter of the great Martin Luther. Be composed, and do not add to the affliction of the boys. Give me a parting kiss. At some time or other this must have happened, and who knows whether sickness and sorrow would then have permitted us to take leave of one another so serenely ? My dear sister died of a fever ; with red burning cheeks, streaming hair, and wild bewildered eyes, she gazed on me for the last time, not knowing me, as I sat by her dying bed and desired to take leave of her. When I spoke to her some words of love, she nodded with indifference and made a wandering reply. We are able to separate from one another with a beautiful consciousness.' Our mother fell upon her noble husband's neck and sobbed. He approached the window and said, ' The moon shines brightly on this autumnal night. Tomorrow afternoon, dear wife, you must take a short walk with the boys to the burying ground without the gate. Let them then strew flowers and sand upon my fresh grave. But tomorrow morning—keep in the house. Shut yourselves up, all three of you, in your chamber, and pray.' He then called the jailer, once more embraced, and dismissed us.

On the next morning we arose early and prayed. The watch lay before us on the table. Just as the large parlor time-piece struck seven, my father's little silver one ceased to move and the black steel hands stood still. My mother fainted away. A faithful neighbor came to her

assistance. The whole day passed in silence, without the exchange of a word among us three. We were all pale and cold; we trembled, and sate each in a corner, like doves in a thunder storm. The neighbor spread the table. We boys read the table grace as usual. We could not weep. Our mother lay upon the bed, gazing up to heaven. We were afraid that she would die. Rudolph swept the room, for the maid had left us. I peeled a little green stick. As it grew dark, my mother arose, went into the garden and came back with a large bunch of flowers, and a bag full of white sand. She opened a drawer and took out three little Nuremburg boxes. Her nature had changed; she was calm and strong; a noble pride, opposing itself to the vain world, which indeed she inherited from her great ancestor, beamed from her brow. She sang with a firm voice. 'A tower of refuge is our God.' The moon shone, and we followed her to the field. She made a considerable circuit until we reached a lonely meadow. We perceived at a distance, upon the green, a white spot. As we came nearer, it was a bloody heap of sand. She knelt down, kissed the red sand, filled the little boxes with it, and gave one to each child. It was the innocent blood of our father which had been shed. We then went to the burying ground, and strewed his fresh grave with flowers. Ah! why should I, an old man of ninety-four, still weep? My mother, and my brother have long since found the blessed one in Heaven; I shall soon embrace all three of them again.

After this, many years passed away, one day like another. I was fourteen, and my brother Rudolph eighteen years old; we were blooming in the cheerfulness of youth, and did not perceive that our mother, like

a withered lily, was bowing her head towards the grave; for she was silent, smiled, never complained, and often enjoyed herself with us. My brother had already for two years been learning the trade of a clothier; but I was intended for study and remained with my mother. Alas! the worm of grief had gnawed betimes too deeply into this lovely flower. One evening she sate alone with us brothers, and was very cheerful and contented; our Aunt was not at home. We talked about lively things, as we always liked to do; but our mother turned the conversation upon our father, and then we both became alike sad. But she was not so at this time, 'Weep not, children,' she said, 'Think rather, how calmly and courageously the departed passed his last evening with us, eight years ago to-day.' 'Good Heavens! is it really eight years to-morrow, since——?' asked I.—'Did you not know it, children? Happy youth! which beholds only joy and hope in the future, and leaves all memorials of sorrow behind. How wise are all God's appointments? Whoever continually mourns, cannot live long; but ye will live and be happy.' 'And you too, mother, I anxiously cried.' She was silent a moment, suppressed a sigh, and then calmly said, 'I wish to rise early to-morrow, lend me your watch, dear Albert.' I well knew why she desired to have the watch, and feared it might affect her too deeply, but dared not refuse it to her. We followed her to her chamber, where she dismissed us, and affectionately wished us good night.

The next morning at seven o'clock, we both went softly to her door; she was still in bed and appeared to be asleep. As we drew near, she was laying, pale, with closed eyes, the watch in her hand. The watch still

ticked, but her beautiful heart had ceased to beat. On the little table by her bed, Rudolph's Bible was laying, opened at the chapter on Stephen. The little box with the bloody sand stood uncovered by it. I have now told you enough of my sorrow, and will end for to-day, that you may be no longer troubled. L. O.

SELF-DENIAL.

"MOTHER," said Sophia, "I often hear you speak to brother about self-denial; will you tell me what it means?" "I will," answered her mother, "show you what self-denial is, in the story of a little girl, whom I know, and then you will understand it fully. This little girl, whom I will call Alice, was told by her mother that she might celebrate her birth-day, which was to come shortly, by inviting all her little playmates to drink tea with her, and that the table should be spread with many nice and pretty things. It was in the summer, so the table was not only to have upon it a great variety of sugar plums and cake, but was to be dressed in pretty flowers and in the centre was to be a pyramid of ice cream. Little Alice was very fond of good things to eat, and above all she loved ice cream. She and her mother planned how everything should be arranged for the party, and Alice was very happy at the thought of how much pleasure she should have on that day. Before the day came however, it was discovered that Alice had told an untruth. Her mother called her to her, and said, 'as you have been so wicked as to do this

thing, you must not have the pleasure I promised you on your birthday.' Alice said not a word in defence of herself, nor did she complain of her mother's depriving her of the pleasure of her party, but she said, 'Mother I want my friends to have those nice things you promised me, and if you will invite them to come, I will promise you that I will not taste of one of them, myself.' As Alice seemed very penitent, and was willing to deny herself what was to her a very great pleasure, that of eating good things, her mother consented to her request. The nice things were bought, the children were invited and came, the table was spread with cake and sugar plums, in the centre was the ice-cream and all looked beautifully and very enticing. Little Alice seated herself at the table with her companions: their eyes brightened as they looked at all the nice and pretty things that were before them. You may think that little Alice was the only one that did not look happy amongst this group, but no, she too had her pleasure; with her own hands she distributed all the good things to her friends, helping each with perfect good humor; while they ate cake and sugar plums she took a piece of bread, and when the time came for the pyramid of ice cream to be divided, she filled every plate with it but her own; and while they were enjoying its delicious taste, she took a glass of water, and this too she did cheerfully. Dear Alice, in the generous way in which she performed this act of self-denial, she also had her feast; if she had given up her party as her mother proposed, she would not have been tried by seeing before her eyes what she so much loved, yet could not touch, but did not wish to deprive her friends of, she preferred practising this piece of self-

denial to giving up the pleasure she had prepared for them.

This self-punishment of little Alice was so well and generously performed, that I cannot believe she ever told another lie, or was ever again guilty of a mean act."

S. C. C.

THE MONKEYS AND THE BEARS.

A FABLE. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLART.

The monkeys, 'tis said, once asked of the bears,
How it was that their nation so much surpassed theirs,
And begged that the means they would graciously tell,
By which the young bears were kept hearty and well.
"Perhaps it may be," said one of the mothers,
Who seemed more considerate and wise than the others,
"Perhaps," said she trembling, at even the thought,
"We give our dear young ones less food than we ought;
We may be impatient, I have really some fears,
That we rock them too little, the poor little dears;
Our milk may cause fever, and their stomachs not suit,
Or perhaps they are weakened and injured by fruit.
Perhaps the whole mischief is caused by the air,
And who 'gainst this evil can ever prepare?
In their earliest years, it may poison instill,
And through their whole life-time produce every ill.
Perhaps it may be, before we are aware,
They breathe in a pestilence, borne on the air.
Perhaps, for the nerves of us monkeys are weak,
In jumping, or leaping, some bone they may break
In their breasts." Here, for weeping, she scarcely could speak,

And she snatched up her little one, long to her breast,
With such vehement love, the poor victim she pressed,
That all its complainings and troubles were still'd:
Alas, the poor mother! her pet she had kill'd.

Said the bear, "No longer I think you need seek
For the cause why your young ones are sickly and weak;
It is not the milk, nor the fruit, nor the air,
Nor fault of the stomach, and 'tis no lack of care,
Your blind fondness it is, that cuts short their days.
How is it that we such multitudes raise?
As soon as our young ones are able to run,
We take them out with us, to play in the sun.
We take them through floods, through heat, and through cold,
And so they are healthy, and live to be old."

E. L. F.

TEACHER'S SOCIAL UNION.

THIS Association is composed of the Teachers and Superintendents of the Unitarian Sunday Schools in Boston with some also from Cambridge. It holds its meetings on the evening of the third Monday of each month at the Sunday School Vestries in different sections of this city. The Pastor of the Society in whose vestry any particular meeting is held is expected to preside at such meeting and to conduct its devotional exercises. The meetings are opened with prayer and closed with singing and a benediction. The principal time at these monthly meetings is given to the discussion of questions connected with the responsibilities and practical duties of Sunday School Instructors. At different times within the last year and a half, the following subjects have been

discussed. The conditions of the Teacher's success. What can be done to induce scholars older than those usually found in these schools to attend? Are parents sufficiently in the Sabbath School, and if not, how may their interest be increased? Should the S. S. Teacher aim chiefly to impart information or to impress the feelings of his pupils? Conversion—What is its nature and what its value—of whom is it required,—and by what means may it be effected? The last two meetings have been chiefly occupied in the discussion of the following question. "Should Sunday School Teachers in their instructions allude to the philanthropic reforms of the day and inculcate any particular view of them?" Different speakers have taken widely different views of this question. At the first of these two meetings, one speaker thought he should not have fulfilled his duty as a Sunday School Teacher, if any child who had for some years been his pupil, was not, as a result of his training an Anti-Slavery child, a Temperance child, &c., and would like to see each Sabbath School virtually a Temperance Society, Abolition Society, &c. Another speaker feared that if such subjects are prominent in the Teachers instructions, the great Christian principles on which all these reforms are founded, and from which they spring, will of necessity be neglected and thought it better for the teacher to plant the *principles* and leave them to bring forth as in due time they will, their legitimate fruits in the outward conduct of the children. Another speaker seemed to feel as if the Teacher in attempting to tell children definitely to what specific actions the principles of Christianity lead, assumes too high a responsibility. Another speaker considered that each of the three prominent reforms of

our day was clearly based upon a great Christian principle. War, Slavery, and Intemperance were the gigantic evils of our day, and Christian principle legitimately and irresistibly led to efforts for their abolition. The children now in our Sabbath Schools would soon be responsible actors in society *as it is*, and why should not the Teacher plainly point to the duties, as well as warn them of the dangers, which await them? He would not have either of these subjects to be *the* prominent topic of the Teacher's instructions, nor have the Teacher go out of his way to bring in either of them, but as he proceeds with his class, would have him fully expound the principles of Christ, and clearly, but not dogmatically, point out their practical application at the present day. Children could not be taught by abstractions. They must have illustrations, and particular examples of the application of the principles we would inculcate, and *true and real* examples would generally be more effective than imaginary ones.

At the meeting at Rev. Mr. Huntington's vestry in Nov. the same subject was continued. Mr. L. G. Pray, commenced the discussion. In his view, the object of the Sunday School, was nearly the same as that of the Church. And as we would not desire that the Christian minister should make Slavery, War, or Intemperance the leading topic of his preaching, so neither should we desire that the Sunday School Teacher should make these great subjects, or either of them, the burden and general strain of his instructions. But as we would have the minister occasionally, and in a proper way, enforce his views upon each, and all these great evils of our times, so would he, (Mr. P.) have the Teacher whenever passages of Scripture came under consideration which referred to these

topics, clearly, and fully explain their true meaning and practical application. Mr. Mellen next addressed the meeting, but we regret that we did not understand, and cannot sketch his remarks. Rev. Mr. Thurston spoke of the position of the Sunday School Teacher, and of the spirit of candor, frankness, independence and humility in which he should teach. Rev. Mr. Sullivan thought if the Teacher were to give distinct instruction on subjects about which there is division of opinion in the community, he would be in danger of coming in conflict with the instructions on those same subjects, given by the parents at home, by precept and by example.

On some of these subjects it was difficult for even mature minds to make up an opinion, still less could young children understand them and entertain rational and intelligent opinions upon them. If Teachers inculcated particular views on subjects of such magnitude, and complexity, their pupils being unable to judge and decide in such matters, must take such instructions upon trust, upon the teacher's authority. And if teachers give definite instruction in relation to Slavery, Intemperance, and War, why not also in relation to politics? Rev. Cazneau Palfrey remarked, that the children now in our Sabbath Schools might ere long be residents in slave-holding communities and might be tempted to become slave-holders themselves, and when northern people become slave-holders they are proverbially severe and stern. To him it seemed proper that children who are in a course of moral training here, should be educated with some view to the contingency of which he had spoken. He said (in answer to a remark of Mr. Sullivan) that all teaching given to children by persons of mature age carried with it

something of authority. It was incidental to all instruction given to children by parents or by any persons older than themselves; but this was not a valid reason for forbearing to teach them anything, and why then should it be for forbearing to teach on those subjects which the meeting were considering? Mr. R. W. Bayley thought that the *principles* of Christ should be first implanted in the young mind, and that their fruits in due time would appear, and that the Sabbath School Teacher should devote himself to implanting those principles. It seemed to him better that the child should have in his heart the principles from which right action on all subjects proceeds, than that he be specifically taught just how to act on certain particular subjects; and he seemed to think that if teachers give definite instruction as to the application of Christian principle in particular cases, they must necessarily and as a matter of course neglect to inculcate and impress upon the minds of their pupils those principles themselves. A few remarks were then made by Rev. Mr. Everett in reference to giving attention to evils near home, and on one or two other topics, after which the services of the evening were closed with singing the dismissal hymn and by a benediction pronounced by Rev. Mr. Huntington. The writer took no minutes of what was said at either of these meetings and may perhaps have mis-stated in some minute particulars. He has endeavored, however, to give a true idea of the course of the interesting debate upon this subject and believes his account, so far as it goes, to be correct.

A. C.

WHAT HOLDS THINGS TOGETHER?

[NO. II.]

IN my last lecture I described the attraction which joins particles of the same kind together, one particle of iron to another particle of iron, one particle of sulphur to another. If there were only this kind of attraction, of course there would only be the 55 simple substances in the world. What then unites particles of different kinds together, to form the innumerable *compound* substances? It is another kind of attraction, of which I am now going to speak.

The particles of two or three or more *different* substances, will very often, though not always, unite in some way we cannot entirely understand, and form a new substance, entirely different from either; and hence comes all the immense *variety* of things the world is made of. The particles do not merely mix and stick together; they unite completely, and form new *particles* of an entirely different kind. Thus if you melt flint sand and potash together, it will not make a cake, with here a grain of flint and there a grain of potash; it will be a new substance—transparent glass. So a certain number of particles of sulphur, mixed with a certain number of oxygen, and a certain number of soda, make Glauber's salt, an entirely new substance, differing in color, taste, and smell, from sulphur, oxygen, or soda.

Now when you hear of any new fact like this, you may be sure that it has exact laws to govern it, and that they are very curious, and it is especially so with this.

And, first, you will find that some substances will unite together to form new ones, while others will not, just as tho' they had likings and dislikings for one another. Thus you know that oil and melted fat will not unite with water; they dislike it altogether. But put a little ashes into the water, and make what is called ley, and they will mix with this, and form a new substance, soap. So iron has a liking for the oxygen that is in air and water, and unites with it, and forms what we call rust; but silver has no such liking, and so will not rust. Put iron filings into oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid, as it should be called, which is a mixture of oxygen and sulphur, and the oxygen will leave the sulphur, and unite with the iron, forming a new substance that will be bright green. This is an example of another fact, that where a substance has an attraction for two or more others, it often has a greater liking for one than for another. The oxygen had an attraction both for the sulphur and the iron, but a greater one for the iron. So it left the one, and joined the other. Put in now some *copper* filings, and it will leave the iron, just as it left the sulphur, and unite with the copper, forming a third new substance, of a brilliant blue color. If you had put in gold instead of copper, the oxygen would have had no attraction for it, and would have taken no notice of it.

Now the law that governs these mixtures is very interesting. You cannot unite substances in any quantities you please. They will only unite in certain exact proportions. Thus water is formed of hydrogen, with exactly 8 times as much oxygen, and wherever you find it, water is always formed of these proportions. If you attempted to mix 9 parts of oxygen instead of 8, you would find that

only 8 would unite; the other part would remain as it was. And so every compound substance is made up of exact proportions of two or three or more simple ones, and when you try to mix a little more of either, the little more will not mix, but will remain as it was.

We suppose the reason of this to be, that just one particle of one substance unites with just one, or just two, or just three of another;—not with one and a half, or one and a third, or any fraction, because particles cannot be divided. We cannot have such proportions then as one to one and a half, or one to one and a third, or any fraction, but only one to one, one to two, two to three, &c., and substances do not really mix even in a great many of these.

Now the substance that will mix with others in a smaller quantity than any other, is *Hydrogen*. We suppose therefore that hydrogen has smaller particles than any other substance. So we call a particle of Hydrogen *one*, and use it to compare others with. For instance, the smallest quantity of Oxygen that will mix with any other, is 8 times as large as the smallest quantity of Hydrogen. We suppose therefore, that the particles of Oxygen must be 8 times as large as those of Hydrogen, and we make 8 stand for one of them. In the same way, the smallest quantity of iron is 28 times that of Hydrogen—so 28 stands for a particle of iron. 16 stands for one of sulphur, 32 for one of copper, and so on.

So if you would unite one particle of Hydrogen to one of Oxygen, you must take them in the proportion of one to 8. If you would have two particles of Oxygen, the proportion would be one to twice 8. If you would unite Oxygen and iron, the proportions must be 8 or twice 8, or 3 times 8, to 28 or twice 28, or 3 times 28; which is

the same as saying, that you must unite one, or two, or three particles of one, with one, or two, or three of the other.

It is curious that this attraction appears to depend upon electricity. If it is so, it is a very important fact ; for then all we know of electricity will help us to explain and understand this attraction, and the facts of attraction will throw new light upon electricity. Thus all our knowledge goes on becoming simpler and simpler. At first we see a multitude of different appearances : soon we observe a resemblance between some of them, and find that they all are governed by the same rule. Thus we make a general law. Then we find two laws agreeing to form another, more general, and so our knowledge becomes simpler still. Or if they do not agree to form a new one, yet we see a resemblance between them. A law we find in one study is similar to a law in another, though we cannot unite them to form a new one. I believe the world is full of such resemblances, each part, from the least to the greatest, corresponding to every other, till it forms one grand harmonious whole, and we can only end by saying God made it so. If this be so, then science need be no longer dry. It is full of order and beauty. The falling of an apple told Newton the secret of the stars. Thus little facts may be the keys to unlock the doors of the temple of science, and admit us to wander from hall to hall, for all form parts of the same great whole.

And now that we have learned what are the elements of things and what are the laws that unite them, the next step will be to examine some of their compounds, for almost all the things we see and use are compounds. This I shall do at another time.

W. P. A.

THE OLD HOUSE.

I like to look at thee
Old black and shattered shell,
With mossy roof, and broken panes,
Thou pleasest me right well.

Thy little windows boast
No blinds of shining green ;
But close beside, and peeping in
The clustering lilacs lean.

Thou hast no bell, nor bright
Brass knocker on thy door ;
But 'tis a pleasant entrance, for
Fine leaves are creeping o'er.

Which, rustling, seem to say,
While on the threshold stone,
Their shadows with the sunbeams play,
Welcome to every one.

Thou art not proudly set
Upon a stiff glacis,
No gravelled path, no flight of steps,
No nice front yard for thee.

Without a fence or hedge,
Beside the old elm tree,
Upon the slope that nature made,
Thou sittest gracefully.

But there's another cause
Why thou dost please my sight
More, than yon new-built house that gleams
In glittering green and white.

Like fungus in the grass,
That sprung up yesterday;
Thou art a *home*, that but a *house*,
And has not much to say.

Thy foot-worn threshold says
That there is surely here,
A budget full of histories,
Stored up year after year.

Thy chimney black and old,
Of short and clumsy form,
Tells of a "hearth where cronies meet,"
While logs blaze bright and warm.

Unlike the modern house
One *visits* for a space,
Young families were reared in thee;
Thou'st been a *dwelling-place*.

The old man that can now
Scarce hobble to the door,
Perhaps oft here in childhood's years
Has crept across the floor.

Ah! well acquainted now,
Thy walls so old and low,
With all the sounds of grief and joy
That child or man may know.

I think in seeing thee
Of childhood's lengthened years,
When each long day was fraught so full
Of April smiles and tears.

I think of manhood's cares,
Of loves and joys and pains,
Of births and wedding festivals,
And deaths and funeral trains;

Partings that make men try
To harden their soft hearts,
Meetings, when from ourselves we hide,
To stay the tear that starts.

Can I pass heedless by
A house so worn and old,
Which so much of humanity
Doth in its bosom hold?

A. A. G.

GRATITUDE.—DUTY TO BENEFACTORS.

ADDRESSED TO CHILDREN.

ALL who do you good are benefactors to you: and if your feelings are right, you will wish to thank them for their favors, and to do something for them in return. This is gratitude. It is a duty owed to benefactors—to those who have done you good, or made you happy. Your greatest benefactor is God. He does more than all others can do, to make you happy. You owe him thanks for his favors, and should seek for opportunities to do something for him in return. God likes to have all the people around you comfortable and happy; and if you can do any thing to make them so, it will be doing something for God, in return for his goodness to you. The favors of

God are constant. You do not, and you can not exist an instant without them : the air you breathe, the food you eat, the clothes you wear, are all gifts from Him. The friends that you love, and that love you, are kept alive every moment, by the permission of God. You are yourselves sustained at this moment by Him. You could not see the light of this day, nor hear the voices of your parents and your friends, if God did not continue to you the use of your senses. You could not understand nor remember a word which you read, or which they say, were it not, that God, in his mercy and kindness, still permits you to use and enjoy the minds he has given you. God is your greatest benefactor. He has done, and constantly is doing, more to make you happy, than can be done by every body else. Your existence, which is the sum of all other blessings added together, is a gift from him. Health — without which existence itself can not be much enjoyed — is likewise a gift from the same kind God. You have other benefactors. Your Sunday School teachers are benefactors to you, — for they labor to do you good, and make you happy. They study the lessons and meet together, and go once or twice each week to the school, all for the sake of teaching you the way to be good and happy ; and you owe them a debt of gratitude for so many exertions and sacrifices on your account. It may not be apparent to you at first how you can do anything for them in return. You can behave well when you are in the school. You can give close attention to their instructions. You can follow the advice which they give. You can speak the truth and be kind and affectionate in your conduct. And in doing these things you will please and gratify your teachers and make them think that their

exertions are producing good effects. In doing these things you will form good habits and correct principles, and in a few years if you live your teachers will see these good principles and habits accompanying and guiding you in important and conspicuous situations in society. If a person gives you a book or a piece of cake you will thank him and think he is kind to you, but those are petty and inconsiderable gifts compared with his spending hours, and days, and denying himself pleasures, that he may get knowledge to impart to you. If a painter lets you go in for nothing, and see a gallery of beautiful pictures of men, and forests, and rivers, and fields, you would be delighted, and would think him very generous and kind. You would thank him for his favor, and would wish you might do something for him, to show your gratitude. God is every day allowing you to see real pictures, living portraits, living forests and running streams. And it is He that gives you the *eye* to see with, and the *mind* which enjoys the sight. If you would be so grateful to the painter would you have no gratitude to God? If an apothecary were to give you a vial of the most delicious perfume to scent your garments or your parlor with, you would consider him very kind, and would thank him for such goodness to you; and were he to ask you to do an errand for him you would run and rejoice to do the little service in return for his greater goodness to you. God has made the air you breathe, and which constantly surrounds and sustains you, and this air is far better than any perfume which any apothecary could mix. The choicest and most delicious and costly perfume which any apothecary could mix would in a short time be disagreeable and nauseous to you. But the atmosphere which God has given you in

such unbounded and inexhaustible liberality and wisdom never ceases to be agreeable. This atmosphere may be breathed day after day, and month after month, and still the pure fresh breeze from the mountain is just as sweet and agreeable to the veteran of eighty winters, as to the little child who for the first time takes a ride of a June morning in his willow waggon. If you would feel grateful to one who should give you a perfume which could please but for a brief period, what should be your feelings towards God who supplies you by day, and by night, and from the dawn of your existence to its close with an atmosphere always delightful? And if He in his word lays down rules to govern your conduct or requires you to act in a particular way, is it not reasonable, and should you not rejoice, to adopt these rules and obey these requirements to the utmost of your ability.

THE BLIND MAN.

FROM KRUMACHER.

A BLIND man stood with face uplifted to the rays of the mild spring sun, its warmth penetrated his limbs and its light fell upon his darkened eyeballs which he turned full towards it.

"O thou incomprehensible sea of light!" he exclaimed, "thou miracle of the Almighty Hand which created thee and leads thee on thy glorious path! From thee streams eternal plenty, life, and warmth, and thy power never ceaseth! How great must He be who hast formed thee!"

Thus spoke the blind man: another man who stood near heard what he said, and was astonished at the words of the blind man: he spoke to him and said. "How can'st thou admire the light of day, which thou dost not see?" Then the blind man answered and said, "Even on this account my friend. Since the light of my eyes was darkened, and I have been cut off from the glory of the sun, it has penetrated my soul; every feeling of its neighborhood causes it to pass into me, and its glory to enlighten me inwardly. But you see it as you see all other things which you daily behold, only with the eye of the body.

J. E. C.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF HANNAH MOORE.

One day the Captain of an English ship went out of his own ship to dine on board another: while he was there, a storm arose which in a short time made an entire wreck of his own ship, to which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, the one four, the other five years old, under the care of a poor black servant. The people struggled to get out of the sinking vessel: the faithful negro took the two little children tied them into a bag, and put in a little pot of sweet meats for them, slung them across his shoulders and put them into the boat. The boat by this time was quite full; the black was stepping into it himself, but was told by the master, there was no room for him;

that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both must sink the boat. The exalted heroic negro did not hesitate a moment. "Very well," said he, "give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults," and then—guess the rest—he plunged to the bottom, never to rise again, till the sea shall give up her dead.

PARABLE.

It was the morning after a storm. The pastor took his son by the hand and went down to the beach to see if haply some sufferer might claim his kind offices.

The boy uttered a cry of surprise. The ancient oak, which on the highest cliff had stretched its gnarled branches a landmark to the mariner, was gone. In place of the shapely trunk and leafy top were grim bare roots torn from their native rock, and the head late so lofty in the heavens was bowed and plunged in the roaring waters.

"Behold, my son," said the father as they stood beside the chasm, "behold in what stern unyielding rock was laid the foundation of this king of the forest. To these seeming cruel and cramping walls it owes its stubborn strength: thus from difficulty and denial rises the spirit of the good man strong and triumphant."

"Ah my father," cried the youth, "look again into the chasm. This rocky ledge may have steadied the noble oak, but see the rich soft genial mould beneath, emblem of a home teeming with joy and love. From this it drew its nourishment, this gave it life to wax large and bounteous; it only endured the rock and used it as a support against the tempest."

c.